wither a little bit. Instead of that, he came over and joined our crowd, and said he:

"Fellows, I'm a bit craggy on myself for dousing you in the trough in that little affair, but it's all right. You win.'

"We didn't catch on to his meaning, quite, and there were several of us who wanted to say, Yos, you're right we win,' but we held it down and waited for him to pass us a little more light.

"I didn't know that the old man was so much to the fence,' he went on, 'or I'd

"I didn't know that the old man was so much to the fence," he went on, 'or I'd have scratched when you sprung it on me. It was only a while ago that I got to thinking it over, and now I'm sorry I didn't yank out. It was too late for me to clip my skate out when I decided that you people had the decent end, but it's good enough as it is. The old man's horse wins if my boy's arms are in any kind of trim. I hope he'll be able to hold him, that's all, for my plug's got a face on him like grante.

for my plug's got a face on him like grant and when he wants to go on it takes a plan

in the infield in full view of all hands, and
it was probably nothing but fear of being
ruled off and of letting the eat out of the
bag that saved him from the hottest case
of the boots in the history of the Roby
track, where there was much of that kind

of action.
"Rounding into the stretch the favorite

Uncte Si's Mistake.

Prom the Indianapolis Sun.
"No, Mandy," said Uncle St. "I'll never try to follow the example of a great man

What's the matter now, Silas?" she asked What's the matter now, Shas? she asked "Well," he said, "while I was up to the city yesterday there was a funeral proces-sion come along it happened that it passed where Stubbs, the great writer, was standin',

an' he took off his hat an stood with bowed "Well, that showed what fine feelings he has, Silas "

he has, Silas "Course it did, an' the people all said 'Ain't it beautiful and what a notice man, an' the mourners in the backs cried wass an' ever Au' it did look purty, so when another per-

remin passed i stepped out in front took off my bat "Yeu blamed fool"

Yes thress fool.

Yes, I steeped out an took of my bat, an the incurredes commenced to longh as the little hors throwed stoom, an a big policeman took me down to the jail, where a down came it an asked me how ions I had been seen things an when I first hoteled the severe headantee. There aim't to the taken, Mandy, you get to sit your justers in the papers an or the eigen box Id before you kit make a public figury of your fine feedings as peculiarities.

## WESTS MAY BE STUDIED NOW. | trate, but in England they are said to hore LAST WIN OF AN OLD HORSE.

AUGUST IS A GOOD MONTH TO LOOK INTO BIRD HOMES.

ettles of Their Architecture - Gurprising Work by Birds Hereabe Hig Nests and Dainty Homes -Text of the Preacher Bird -Cave Dwellers.

August is a trying month for the bird There is no better time, however, or the study of their homes.

Few birds return to the same nest the second season, though many return to the

same site. A cathird, recognized by two white feathers in one wing, nested for five consecutive seasons in the same clump of briers. A pair of albino robins built in the same garden for nine years. Another pair for three springs in succession to build in the spout just beneath the eaves, were driven away to save them from

Assister when rain came.

Such lack of good judgment is unusual.

For the most part birds not only show great shrewdness in selecting a building site, but often adapt themselves to circum-stances in a way that indicates reason. Thus the orchard oriole on a stout limb builds a shallow nest, but when it chooses a slender pliant bough which is certain be swayed violently by high winds the depth is much increased, and the manner of fastening is different. The nest is made chiefly of grass, and there is no finer exmole of the weaver's art among birds. Dr. Cours said of the orchard orioles:

They antedate Howe in the expedient of placing the eye of a needle at its point, their bill works precisely to the same

Some specimens of their needlework are surprisingly elaborate. Alexander Wilson unravelled a thread of grass from one of the nests and 'found it to measure thirteen inches in length, and in that distance was thirty-four times hooked through and returned, winding round and round the nest. The nest of the Baltimore oriole is pensile and usually fastened near the end of a swaying limb, oftenest of an elm tree, where it is secure from most of its enemies. It is made of grasses and fibres of all sorts. The builders sometimes cause considerable annoyance by visiting newly grafted trees in orchards and removing the twine with which the grafts are bound in place.

The nest of the purple grackle, another

The nest of the purple grackle, another member of the oriole family, is simply a somewhat bulky mass which may or may not be cemented with mud, but even this unpretentious structure is built at the cost of much toil. An observer who had the patience to unravel one found it composed of 482 twigs, with 204 blades of grass used as lining. With these were bits of bark of certain plants, several chicken feathers and a long black shoelace.

Scientific names are not always felicitous but Molothrus after describes the cowbird precisely. He is a "black vagabond," a polygamist devoid of natural affection. His concubine avoids trouble for herself and him by dropping her eggs singly in the nests of other, usually smaller, birds. A cowbird once laid an egg in the just finished nest of a pair of bluebirds. The lady of the house was the first to return and, discovering the egg, at once uttered a loud complaining note. The husband quickly appeared and on learning the trouble became furious. The two complained reclingly for some minutes and then the male, darting away to a neighboring tree, fell upon a catbird which he chastised severely. Next he turned to an impocent some sparrow singing nearby and gave it a drubbing, after which his

chastised severely. Next he turned to an innocent song sparrow singing nearby and gave it a drubbing, after which his outraged feelings seemed relieved.

One of the most notable of nests is that of the long-billed marsh wren. Almost any reedy swamp will furnish a specimen. It is made of wet rushes and mud twisted into seconnut shape, with a lining of soft grass and feathers or of the down from last year's heads of the cat-tail flags, among which the nest is most frequently built. Two-thirds of the way up the dome there is a small round entrance with a pent house over it. It is wholly impervious to the meather. You will often find near the finished nest several others in a more or less uncompleted state. These are merely monuments to the untiring energy of the male, for while his mate is incubating he frequently devotes himself to building other nests of which no use seems to be

made.

Another remarkable nest is that of the wood pewee which is, perhaps, next to the humming bird, the most finished architect among our native birds. The body of the nest is made chiefly of fine grasses interwoven with silks from the looms of spiders and caterpillers. The outside is decorated most harmoniously with a beautiful mosaic of various colored lichens. This nest, being saddled on a horizontal limb twenty or thirty feet from the ground, so blends with the color of the bark that it appears almost exactly like a knotty protuberance, deceiving the eyes of all but the very elect.

twenty or thirty feet from the ground, so blends with the color of the bark that it appears almost exactly like a knotty protuberance, deceiving the eyes of all but the very elect.

The eggs are as handsome as the nest, being a delicate creamy white with a wreath of brownish and lilae spots around the larger end. The authorities say that the wood pewee is always a dweller in woodlands, but this demure fly-catcher is evidently ignorant of the dictum. In scores of New England cities and villages its plaintive note is constantly heard among the trees, even along the busiest streets.

The red-eyed virio, or preacher, as it is often called, has a fondness for paper linings for its nest. One was found which contained six pieces of newspaper, on one of which was a complete sentence. It was: "Have in view the will of God." The preacher had evidently selected a text to brood over. Newspapers form but a fraction of the red-eye's building material. Bits of bark, waspe and hornets nests, dead leaves, hair plant fibers, caterpillar silk, plant down, are all utilized.

The nest is suspended, from a forked twig usually only a few feet from the ground. The writer found one in Central Park, hauging from the lowest branch of a pine tree within easy reach, and over a path traversed daily by hundreds of persons. Although the nest is sometimes rather rough on the outside owing to the untractable nature of some of the material used, it is very strong and durable. After it has served its original purpose, field mice have been known to appropriate it as a cradle for their young.

The osprey, or fish hawk, builds a nest less remarkable for skill in architecture than for enormous builk. It is occupied year after year and as it is repaired or has additions made annually it finally reaches such size that it would make a good load for a horse. Nests have been recorded which were nearly eight feet in diameter and equally deep.

It is usually placed on the top o' a tree. The foundation is of sticks often two or three feet long and an inch in

remain constant to each other until one or the other dies, and they occupy the same test with yearly additions and repairs for hany years, so that it finally attains very large dimensions.

seems most unnatural that a bird, a seems most unnatural that a bird, a sture apparently made especially for and sanshine, should ever nest in bur-a, but the petrels, the bank swallow, hingasher and the burrowing owl are

the hingrisher and the burrowing owl are familiar examples of birds that rear their young under ground, either in the abandoned hoise of burrowing mammals of in those which they excavate for themselves. The Western burrowing owl is particularly fond of the prairie dog's excavations and law its eags therein, often eight feet or more from the entrance. The bank ewallows nest in large colonies in holes from one to three frest deep ought themselves in perpendicular banks in holes from one to three frest deep ought themselves in perpendicular banks along streams or shores. With us they select soil which can be easily excavated, and the most frightle sed would seem difficult enough for those tiny lais to pome-

into straia so hard as to blunt the edge of a limite.

The belted kingfisher, a much larger bird than the bank swallow, is a much more ambitious tunnel builder, its hole ranging from four to fifteen feet in depth, usually about six or eight feet. Some ornithologists say that it makes no nest, and even Dr. Brewer says: "The eggs are usually laid on the bare sand, there being very rarely if ever, any attempt to construct a nest. Of the nests he has discovered the present writer thoroughly investigated only two, but in both those cases the eggs were laid in a nest of fish bones. The kingfisher lives exclusively on small fish, and it has the power of ejecting the bones, just as owls eject the fur or feathers and bones of their prey.

Excepting these burrowers and the woodpecker family and some few others, most of our native birds are careless of coverings for their nests, but the oven bird builds a roof over the home of its nestlings. It always builds on the ground, and the nest is frequently sunk slightly below the surface. The best specimens present the appearance of two nests joined together by their rims, with a small opening in the side. Sometimes when sheltered by stones or bushes the covering consists merely of selections. These birds are among our commonest.

or bushes the covering consists merely of a few loose leaves.

These birds are among our commonest species, every bit of woodland having at least a pair, but one need not expect to find one of their nests every time he takes a walk in the woods. The roof serves as a protection not only from the weather, but from prying eyes as well.

In artful concealment of its nest the ovenbird is far surpassed by the bobolink. In the first place, the latter's choice of a nesting site is felicitous. What could be better than a broad meadow where, so far at least as human eye can see, every square yard of grass is like a hundred others? The materials of the nest are of the color of its surroundings and the young are of the same tint.

You may see the parent bird drop down into the grass with food and then, glueing your eyes to the spot, advance and hunt till sundown, only to retire baffled. Even John Burroughs, speaking of an experience met with by himself and a friend.

till sundown, only to retire baffled.

John Burroughs, speaking of an exence met with by himself and a fri
said: "We grow desperate, and ffelt the ground over with our hands,
without avail." The next day Mr.

feit the ground over with our hands, but without avail." The next day Mr. Burroughs searched again to no purpose although he thought he examined every line of ground. After he had given up in despair and retreated, papa bobolink appeared with food and dropped into the grass which had been so carefully explored, and finally a third trial revealed the nest. Probably no bird is more successful in rearing its young.

The redstart, that darting flame which the Cubans cull candeita, the little torch, builds a beautiful, compact, cup-shaped structure ordinarily about ten feet from the ground in the fork of a small tree. It is made of strips of bark, grasses, down and caterpillar silk, with a lining of fine rootlets or horse hairs. The yellow warbler snest is not unlike the redstart's in form and situation, though it oftener chooses orchard or lawn.

and situation, though it oftener chooses or lawn.

The walls are composed of grasses or plant fibres compactly felted together with plant-down into a homogeneous whole. A lining of down or feathers completes the dainty home, which the parasitic cowbird frequently chooses as the receptacle for her stealthfly dropped egg. Unlike most other birds, the yellow warbler does not submit tamely to this shameless imposition, but covers the intruding egg with nest material, even if she has to sacrifice an egg or two of her own in so doing. Then raising the walls, she forms a new nest over the old one in which she proceeds to rear her young. Should a cowbird's egg be dropped in the new nest the same process is repeated.

dropped in the new nest the same process is repeated.

Most birds show a comparatively limited range in their choice of location for their homes. Many of the warbiers and some of the finches confine themselves exclusively to conferous trees. The prothonotary warbier always chooses the willow. Many others nest invariably on the ground, and others always in hoises in the trees, but the house wren is not trammelled by any traditions as to building sites. A crack in the wall, a crevice in a stone heap, a knothole in a stump, a bird box, the sleeve of a coat left hanging in an outhouse, an old hat, a pigeonhole in a writing desk near an open window, an unused flower pot, a hollow gourd, the top of an old pump—these are some of the places which these diminutive cave dwellers have utilized for homes. Whatever the size of the cavity, the wren makes a point of filling it.

That bane of bird lovers, the English sparrow, seems to have an especial grudge.

RACE FOR CHARITY ONCE RUN AT THE ROBY TRACK

Intended to Provide Money for a Veteran Horseman Who Was Poor, Sick and Proud-Bright Thought of a Mean Man That Saved the Race.

The day after the announcement of the eath at Saratoga of Jimmie Adams, the diminutive plunging bookmaker and horse owner, a party of oldtime horsemen were talking about the timeliness with which dame's old bread-winner, Tinge, occasionally won a race when the purse money was sadly needed. For a number of years before his death he was in bad health. Moreover, the astounding luck of his plunging days had deserted him, so that he often actually hard up for living money.

Tinge was his only remaining horse. Whenever his fortunes were at their very lowest ebb, old Tinge would be taken out of the barn and sent out to do the trick and it was rare indeed that he failed to get piece of the money, although his condition was usually such that his old logs began to burn by the time he had gone a quarter of a mile. The horse invariably exhibited such stubborn courage in the face of the most adverse conditions that the horsemen got to believing, as they still believe, that old Tinge somehow or another was aware of how desperately his master often needed the purse money.

"Jimmie's case," said one of the oldtime horsemen, "reminded me of that of one of the vets, of the game, who did his last racing at the old Roby track, but who had owned and handled and trained and raced horses, and a lot of good ones at that, ever since the days of four-mile heats. He was a Kentuckian, a gentleman of the old school, and a man of unimpeachable

He was a Kentuckian, a gentleman of the old school, and a man of unimpeachable integrity. There was a time, back in the early 70s. when he could have shutfied a roll that'd have figured up something like half a million. Then four or five bad years got him going, and for fifteen or twenty years he had to saw along, just about making a living, like the rest of us, but he kept his poverty to himself.

"At this time I'm speaking of, when Roby was at its height, the old gentleman only had three platers—fairish sort of skates, but platers—out of the swell strings of successive years that had made American turf records. He raced these three just as daintily, and had just as good care taken of 'em as if they were all Ten Broseks or Longstreets, and every once in a while one of 'em 'ud prance out and bring the oats money to the wire. But two of them were ready for the grease works at the time the thing happened that I'm going to tell you about, and the one that was left was so bad around the feet, although a fast plater, that he got the limps every time he was jogged a block or two.

"At the same time that two-thirds of his barn went to the buf the old man found one morning that he didn't feel much like getting up out of bed. He was too sick to move. We did the replevin stunt for him when he falled to show up around the stables for two or three days, and found him in a clean but tiny room on the top floor of a lodging house on the South Side of Chicago. The old man was a heap embarrassed and mortified when we clomped in on him and began to bully him for not having a doctor and medicines and things like that, but he had to stand for it. He kicked like a mule when a trained nurse showed up at his bedside, and all that sort of thing, in that high old way of the grade A Kentucklan of the other era.

that he didn't feel that he could make such demands upon his friends, and all that sort of thing, in that high old way of the grade A Kentuckian of the other era.

"Well, the lot of us got to munching hay around the barns after we'd found out how much to the bad the old man was, and the immediate opinion was that that one remaining nag of the old man's was due to win a race, and win it real quick, at that. The horse wasn't in very good shape at the time, but that didn't make any difference.

"Maybe he can't get anywhere near 'Maybe he can't get the dough,' one of the gang expressed it, when we went and had a look at the horse, 'but then, maybe, again he can win swing-ing by two mile—he's got to,' and he looked

segment, the top of an old pump-those are some of the places which these diminist was considered to the cavity, the wrent was and the place of the gray the dought of the place which these diminists was also as the place which the place which the place with the dought of the place which the world was an opecial grades against the house wren. For three conditions the world of the place which were not been been the parrows interfered. One would allght outside the door, which was root to his head would pull out every particle of the next he could reach. Then two or three marked he could reach the could

DEBUT OF THE FARM HORSE.

price down to 8 to 1, but he wasn't much in demand at any figure, for he looked lumpy and gross in the paddock. The \$600 that we shoved in on the mutt was virtually the only stable money that the books took in on him; wherefore we were pretty glad, for we didn't want to have so much play, for the boys on the line 'ud be inclined to squeak when the trick was turned. Nearly all of us were together in the infield when the horses went to the post, and the glares that we handed the measly owner of the favorite that he'd declined to pull out of the run were enough to wither him. But we observed that he didn't wither a little bit. Instead of that, he came over and joined our crowd, and said he: MARIGOLD'S SEARCH FOR VA-RIETY IN A CIRCUS.

She Was Tired of Life With Summer Boarders-Her One Appearance in the Ring and the Hit She Made-Glad to Get Back to the Summer Boarders Again.

Marigold, the hig bay mare, was one of the team that drew the four-seated wagon full of summer boarders from the mountain farmhouse to the village where the circus was billed for one night only. Bob, the other horse, and she went at a lively gait over the winding road, now up a steep hill and then down again, passing all the familiar points, the church, the post office, and the schoolhouse, now closed for vaca tion. Marigold knew every stone on the the road and had often gone over it safely in the darkness, for all her life had been passed on the farm

The leaves had not yet begun to take on the ruddy tints of autumn and the golden rod waved at each side of the road with vines on which berries glowed black and red amid the green leaves clambering over the stone wall. Now and then a woodchuck scampered across the path, sceming etrangely frivolous in contrast with the great mountains towering against the sky, their foliage streaked with shafts of light and shadows dark and tre-nulous.

Life was pleasant enough to Marigold

and when the summer boarders came to the farm, she accepted them as painful and discordant necessities. They sang themselves hoarse as she hisped to draw them along in hay wagons over the mountains and she went to meet them when they ar-rived and took them and their trunks to

for my plug's got a face on him like grante, and when he wants to go on it takes a pianomover to grab him.

"Well, we didn't exactly know whether to believe the chap who owned the favorite or not. But when the flag fell, after a short delay, and his horse hopped cut in front and began to spread-eagle the bunch, including the old man's horse, which was second from the jump, we concluded not only that his talk was the kind that ought to've been whispered to the marines, but that his jock, who'd been so nice and easy to handle when the thing was put up to him, was going to give us the double-cross. For the favorite pranced to the front like a runaway handcar on a down-grade from the drop of the ribbon, and the jock that we thought was in our camp didn't appear to be doing a thing to stop him.

"Up along the backstretch the favorite was about eight lengths to the good, and a-going like a desert wind, while the old man's horse was laying second, with the rest strung out—the other jocks were doing their end, anyway. It was all some of us could do to keep from jumping that cheap owner of the favorite right there in the infield in full view of all hands, and it was probably nothing but fear of being ruled off and of letting the eat out of the rived and took them and their trunks to the station when they went home in the fall. She knew their different personalities quite well and while they jarred on her quite often she tolerated them with extreme kindness as a rule.

The circus tents were pitched in a big field near the village, and as they drew up Marigold stared with great open eyes, for she had never seen anything bigger than a camping tent until now and this great stretch of canvas was a trifle startling. The crowd swarmed around the ticket wagon and a band bland from within and men were howing out the attractions and men were howling out the attractions to be seen in the sideshows, and it was all

to be seen in the sideshows, and it was all very confusing.

When the boarders had alighted, the farmer's man, who had driven the wagon in, brought it up by the side of the tent, loosened up the harness a bit, hitched the team to a tree and went in to see the show instead of remaining to take care of the horses as he should have done. No one knew better than he did himself that he was doing wrong, but he didn't care.

Marigold heard the sound of shouts and of hoof beats from within and she began to get restless. She longed to see what was going on on the other side of the canvas, and she said so to Bob, but Bob was as stolid as Marigold was nervous, and he went to sleep whenever he stood still. Marigold stuck her nose up to the canvas wall to scent the strange odors that greeted her nostrils.

track, where there was much of that kind of action.

Rounding into the stretch the favorite was still 'way to the good, but at that point we saw that we'd done the jock on the favorite an injustice. He had his feet up around the horse's ears and he was sawing on the brute's mouth, with a dozen wraps around his forearms, like a small boy playing horsey with his daddy. We saw then that he was doing his end. But, try as he would, he couldn't get that deviliah horse to come back. The beast had the bit in his teeth, and he liked the state of the atmosphere and just happened to enjoy running that day, and there was no pulling him.

The jock kept a teetering on the bridle with all his might, until we were afraid that it was altogether too bald and that he'd get it in the neck, even if he did succeed in losing; but, nix, he couldn't make it stick. The best he could do was to impede the mutt's speed some and to cause him to take the turn wide and to swerve a few times on the way to the wire, enabling the old man's horse to get up to his withers and to bump him just a teeny little bit; but that was all. The jockey had to let loose the wraps and to make a bluff at riding at the sixteenth pole, and the favorite came and won by a length.

"Well, it looked like it was all off, and a few of us had it in mind to entice that hypocritical owner back of one of the farend barns and do so many things to him that he wouldn't remember anything about the calendar for two months. Just as we were chewing the cud of these dark thinks, and the horses were coming back to the stand, the fellow leaped over the rail on to the track and ran over to his jockey with a blazing face—the jockey had did you mean by deliberately fouling that second horse and losing me this purse, hey?" stuck her nose up to the canvas wail to scent the strange odors that greeted her nostrils. Now and then a loud roar from the lion terrified her with its nearness, and there was a babel of odd sounds such as she had never heard before. There was a tumuit of hand-clapping occasionally, and then with a suddenness that fairly took Marigold's breath away there was the report of a can-non.

It was then that she jumped and kicked havenched herself free from the loosened haveness. No one noticed her performance, for the driver had not left his wagon in for the driver had not left his wagen in line with the other vehicles, thinking it safer back out of the crowd. So it was easy for Marigold to shake herself free of the broken straps and walk quietly down beside the tent, leaving Bob staring after her in wonder. She gave a delightful little shiver at her sense of freedom, and when she came to a flapping opening in the side of the tent she walked in without hesitation.

hesitation.

She found herself in an enclosure set aside for the saddling of the circus horses before they entered the dressing room where their riders waited for them. There was much crowding and hurrying and shouting of directions and no one zeemed to notice Marigold especially. The horses were all trampling, impatient to be in the that second norse and losing me this purse, hey?' The jock, a wise fish, got next in an that second norse and losing me this purse, hey?

The jock, a wise fish, got next in an instant.

"I couldn't help it, bess,' he said in a crestfallen way, hanging his head I didn't do it on purpose. The old horse swerved in spite of all I could do, and I couldn't help it if he knocked that No. 2 horse off his stride.'

This was a tip to the jock on the old man's horse, another boy who hadn't been around Roby a long time for nothing, and he took it. He hopped right into the stand and claimed a foul. Now, there hadn't been any foul, nor was there two cents' worth of basis in the race upon which to claim a foul. The favorite had jumped off in front and had never been headed, and the old man's horse had only sneaked alongside of him for a moment in the stretch when the jock on the winning favorite was yanking the plug's teeth out. But if the foul was so obvious to the owner of the favorite that he was impelled to jump onto the track and cuss his jockey, and if the jockey owned up to the foul but said that he couldn't have helped it, and with the jock on the second horse clamoring that he had been deliberately knocked off his stride—well, what could the judges do? The owner of the favorite continued to how! with rage at his jockey over his 'deliberate carelessness,' and the judges what a hard time he'd had keeping the horse straight, and the jock on the old man's horse was right there with his little tale of how he'd been shut off in the stretch and then knocked back, and the judges were just made to see it. They were conned into disbelieving the evidence of their field glasses, and they disqualified the favorite and placed the old man's horse first.

"Maybe those of us who'd felt like man-

notice Marigold especially. The horses were all trampling, impatient to be in the ring, and Marigold stepped back into a shadowy corner of the tent and felt a little frightened at the general confusion. She was quivering with excitement and at the novelty of it all and she looked about with wonder as she saw the men fastening gorgeous saddles and other trappings on the horses who seemed to be quite accustomed to the gorgeousness of their dress.

They were being led out of the enclosure two by two into the dressing tent where men and women mayly apparelled mounted them as soon as they arrived in line. Then the music burst out again and Marigold, drawing back was conscious of a nose poked in friendly fashion against her cheek. Turning she saw a dapple gray horse beside her.

"A ren't you new?" asked the dapple gray.
"I don't remember seeing you before.

"I just came in," said Marigold rather weakly "from outside."

"A runaway?" said the dapple gray, somewhat severely.

"Oh, I'm just looking around," said Marigold, guiltly. "Do you belong here?

"I'm a high-school horse," answered the gray proudly, "and I've been with the show for years. Mme. Papanti takes me out. Wait until you hear them shout when I go in.

"What do you do?" asked Marigold.

show for years. Mme. Papanti takes me out. Wait until you hear them shout when I go in.

"What do you do?" asked Marigold.

"You poor thing! Don't you know what a high-school horse is?"

Marigold shook her head, embarrassed by her own ignorance.

"I dance and do cakewalks and kneel down. This sort of thing."

The dapple gray curved in his back, curvetted, pranced sideways and made a low courtesy, holding his nose to the ground for a moment and then raising it with a graceful toss of his head.

"Perfectly amazing!" said Marigold admiringly. "Is that all you do for a living?"

"All? It's quite enough, with all the encores, I can assure you. Why, I'm one of the most valuable horses in the show. I go on in the grand entrance cavaicade with the others, of course, but street parades—never!"

"I suppose you have travelled a lot?" remarked Marigold a bit enviously.

"From the Lakes to the Gulf," said the dapple gray. "We circus horses see life, I can tell you. But these one-night stands are trying. We were in a town fourteen miles from here vesterday and to-morrow there's no knowing where we are bound for. We have to travel in the night."

"How I should enjoy it!" said Marigold wistfully. "Can you imagine what it must be to live on a farm?"

"It must be stagnation," said the dapple gray. "I'd rather drag a horse car."

"I have to drag summer boarders over the mountains from morning until right and listen to them sing. Sometimes I feel like phinging over an embankment with them. You know nothing about it."

"I should hope not!" said the gray with a shudder.

"Just see them go round," said Marigold, active the such the deor way toward the should end to way toward the should end to the such the deor way toward the favorite and placed the old man's horse first.

"Maybe those of us who'd felt like mangling the owner of the favorite to death weren't glad we hadn't yielded to the impulse! He had made goed by the quickest and smartest bit of thinking I ever saw, before or since, on a racetrack, when he joggled along the disqualitying of his own horse to show us that he was the right kind; and you can bet we were glad enough to give him the mitt and take it all back when we met on the quiet later on.

"We handed the old man over his \$6,000 that night, without telling him a word of how we'd snaked it out, but, at that, the old boy was so high and mighty that he was at first for chasing us out of his room for even offering him the money, saying that he only felt entitled to the purse. The money let him down easy for the three years that he lived after that, and there was enough left to bury him and to turn the old horse that'd copped the stake through a disqualification out to grass for the balance of his days."

"I should hope not," said the gray with a shudder.

"Just see them go round," said Marigold, peering through the deorway toward the ring where the horses passed at a gallop "It must be magnificent!"

"Why don't you go on in the next, just to see what it's like?" suggested the gray "You'd enjoy it"

"How could I, 'cried Marigold excitedly." The next is a race and they get the horses ready in such a hurry that they'll never have time to notice. You just stand over by the stalls and I'll get the sixth horse to hold back and let you take his place. Don't get nervous. Just act as though you're used to it, and first thing you know you'll be in the ring.

you're used to it, and first thing you know you'll be in the ring.

"If I could only date" said Marigold, trembling with joyous anticipation.

"You can The race is between six Indian boys, Just go cound with the houses and when you see the others stop you do too. Go ahead, get ready. They're eximing in

Marigold sidied over toward the stalls as the horses came back smorting and towering their heads as their gay trappings were hurriedly removed. Then out came a line of horses from the stalls joining Marigold and nudging her with their sides to let her know that all was right. Then she felt something she was led out with the

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others. An Indian boy jumped on her back and patted her head speaking to her in a strange language.

The ring burst upon her view like a transformation scene. There were the rows of faces and the light summer gowns of the women. The band began a lively tune to which Marioid's heart heat joyous time. The sawdust of the ring felt so soft under her feet accustomed to the rocky mountain roads that she was afraid she would sink in it.

The horses were ranged in line before the starter's box and he at once noticed

The horses were ranged in line before the starter's box and he at once noticed the big bay mare and spoke to one of the riders. But there was no time to inquire or to change now. The signal was given for the start and Marigold felt the sharp out of a whip over her side and with queer cries the riders urged their horses on. Marigold swung around the circle with them so nervous that she could scarcely see and choked by the flying sawdust. The faces of the spectators had become a blur of white now and the music of the band was nothing but a fearful din.

She longed to be back in the harness

band was nothing but a fearful din.

She longed to be back in the harness with Bob. Her rider's whip cut her again and again, for she was falling back and the unaccustomed punishment maddened her. Suddenly she began to run blindly, crazily ahead. Once she stumbled, but picked herself up in a minute and was away like the wind. She went past the starter first, going like a flash and saw him laughing at her pace. But the race was once again around and again she fell back to the five panting horses, their sides brushing as they swept onward.

Again Marigold fell back far in the rear of the others. Her first burst of speed had tired her out.

of the others. Her first burst of speed had tired her out. Her rider swore, kicked and lashed her in vain. She finally stopped stark tired her out. Her rider swore, Eicked and lashed her in vain. She finally stopped stark still and then began to walk with a stately stride while the other horses finished with a flourish. Then the spectators began to laugh at the racehorse that was walking in so dignified a fashion. It pleased them to see the rage of the boy and the unconcern of the horse. They howled and shrieked with amusement. The winner of the race was not receiving one-half the attention that was being given to the big bay coming in in the rear at a funeral gait.

All the way to the entrance of the ring laughter and shouts followed her. She didn't understand what it was all about but she was conscious that she had made a hit of some sort and she hoped the dappie gray horse had seen her and now heard the plaudits of the people. When she reached the dressing tent, the dappie gray stood saddled ready for the ring. Marigold nooded to him kindly. She felt that they were on a more even basis now.

gold nooded to him kindly. She felt that they were on a more even basis now. The other horses eyed her askance. Somehow they did not like all the fuss that was being made and the Indian boy was dancing with rage while his companion dancing with rage while his companion jeered him.

"I'd like to send that horse on every night

"I'd like to send that horse on every night to act just in that way," said the ringmaster. "It's caught the house and set them laughing. It's a clown horse, that's what it is. Where did it come from?"

But there is no time for talk behind the scenes during a circus performance and if the man in the moon made his appearance there he would have to wait until the show was over to be noticed. Marigold was shivering with nervousness now and the was over to be noticed. Marigold was shivering with nervousness now and the whip had cut her sides cruelly. Through the doorway she caught glimpses of acrobats flying through the air from trapeze to trapeze and the horses were already being taken out and made ready for the night journey on the train.

With a group of them finding their way alone in the darkness outside of the tent she went and then when she looked up and saw the stars and the peaks of the hills

she went and then when she looked up and saw the stars and the peaks of the hills now dark against the sky a great wave of homesickness came over her and she longed for the farm and its people, yes, even for the boarders. The heat and the odors of the tent had stifled her, the din of the band had made her head throb wildly.

She felt that she had but to follow the others to become one of them. But her one taste of the life had been enough. She looked about for the dappie gray, wishing to bid him good-by, but he had been taken out by some other way after his ring performance. It was all very well for the dapple gray, this circus life. He was used to it, but for Marigold it was too strenuous and intense.

She walked quietly away from the horses as they waited and stole along the side of the tent. The spectators were coming out now and the drivers were all grouped about the entrance where the gasolene torches flared. Then Marigold saw the farmer's man, the wagon and Bob and ran up with a neigh and took her place again.

What story the farmer's man told as to the broken harness and Marigold's cut sides was never known. But often, as the big bay mare is taking boarders on their jaunts, she is seen to stop and look dreamily from the meuntain top as though enjoying the landscape. Then she starts, on with a skittish curvet, prances a bit sidewise and tosses her head. She is thinking then of her debut night and of the dapple gray.

## THERMOMETERS OF MANY KINDS. age. Some in Buttons.

\*One who knows the thermometer simply as an instrument to tell him about the weather," said a thermometer manufacturer, "can scarcely realize the extent to which the thermometer is now used for very practical purposes. A thermome-ter catalogue would show a hundred or more different kinds specially designed for use in various manufacturing processes in which temperature is a matter of importance.

"An odd use to which thermometers are put is in indicating the temperature are put is in indicating the temperature in incubators, used in hatching out eggs. We sell thousands of incubator thermometers yearly. A commonplace but extensive use of thermometers in these days is in packing houses and cold storage establishments, and thermometers are used as a guide in keeping the temperature where it should be in all refrigerator cars and in the refrigerating rooms on ships. Thermometers are extensively used nowadays in dairies. In fact, there is almost no end to the uses to which thermometers are put in these days of exact methods.

"Another curious use of the thermometer is as a toy, or odd ornament. There are made nowadays tiny thermometers, with tubes an inch and less in length. There are tiny thermometers whose increury tube is coiled and attached to a round backing the whole thing being no higger than a are tiny thermometers whose mercury tube is coiled and attached to a round backing, the whole thing heing no higger than a campaign button. These odd little thermometers have a pin on the back, by which they can be worn pinned to the lapsi of a coat. They are bought mainly by young folks, but older people buy them, too.

"Of thermometers designed for ordinary purposes, but made with ornamental mountings, the variety is well high endless, and many of them are artistic and beautiful, and not a few of them cosetly. But wonderful as the variety of these things are now, manufacturers are constantly adding to the number of them. They are all the time bringing out new styles.

"It seems, really, a very simple thing, the thermometer, but simple as it is, what with the manufold uses to which it is now put, the nursy sizes and grades in which it is made, and the many kinds and styles of mountings, ornamental and piam in which it is produced, it is made in themsands of varieties. The sample room of a thermometer manufacturer presents the novel spectacle of a store full of thermometers.

WOMEN IN THE TOBACCO TENTS.

A New Field Opened to Them by the Sumatra Leaf Experiment in Connecticut. HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 17.-Sumatra

tobacco raising in Connecticut has opened a new field of employment to women. The business was marked by a strike almost the beginning. Unlike most strikes, this one was settled by the strikers getting more than they asked for. Sumatra tobacco is not harvested like other tobacco in this State. The plants,

which are cultivated under huge canvas tents to protect them from the weather, grow higher than a man's head, some times eight or nine feet high. The bottom eaves are the first to ripen and are gathered as fast as they mature. In the other obacco fields the whole stock is cut and sung up to cure at the same time.

As the leaves of the Sumatra plants are cut, beginning at the bottom of the plant and working up as they ripen, they are strung together on a cord four feet long. Twenty-five laths or strings of leaves are tnade into a bundle and for the work of stringing the women receive 20 cents a The work is light, clean and pleasant, and yet the growers have had difficulty in securing young women in sufficient numbers to supply the demand. It is because the women do not yet understand what is required of them; and when an application is made at the city employ-ment offices for girls to go to the tobacco fields, the girls think they are expected to go out in the sun and do men's work. A Tariffville farmer has a field of eight

A Tariffville farmer has a field of eight acres of Sumatra tobacco under canvas. When he started in with women stringers he paid them 16 cents a bundle. Three young women were sent out to the farm from the State Free Employment Bureau. Thinking they could not make enough at the rate of pay offered and realizing that the growers must get the crop properly harvested, the girls organized a strike and demanded is cents a bundle. The farmer had been informed that the rate paid in Florida for the same work was six or seven cents a bundle and that 16 cents would be considered a princely wage at Quincy, cents a bundle and that he cents would be considered a princely wage at Quincy, Fla. Still he agreed to a conference, and deciding to treat the girls with the greatest fairness he made the rute 20 cents a bundle, two cents more than the girls asked for. At this rate they can make from \$1.20 to \$2

At this rate they can make from \$1.20 to \$2.50 a day.

All is now serene on this tobacco farm and the girls are satisfied with their job. As the work is coming to be better understood the other growers of Sumatra tobacco are getting women to try it, and while the demand is still ahead of the supply, the number of women engaging in this pleasant. number of women engaging in this pleasant and profitable occupation is on the increase. In Suffield, Windsor, South Windsor, East Windsor, Granby, East Hartford and many other of the tobacco-growing towns of the Connecticut Valley the great white tents of the Sumatra fields dot the landscape. of the Sumatra fields dot the landscape.

It has been demonstrated that the tobacco can be grown here. It is not yet settled that the quality of the leaf will be accepted by manufacturers and consumers as being equal to that of the East Indian grown plant. That the Connecticut article will supplant the imported to some extent is certain, but to what extent is a problem. This year's crop will go far toward settling it.

The Three New Officers Elected by the

National Association. The most notable of the younger women who are taking up the work for woman suffrage begun by Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore and Susan B. Anthony is, perhaps, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, now President of the National Suffrage Association. Mrs. Catt is a college woman and a graduated lawyer. She also can cook, make her own dressed and trim her own hats, and is a fine house-

and trim her own hats, and is a fine house-keeper. She has been a reporter and an editor.

She is a native of Papon, Wis. She was educated in Iowa and was Superintendent of Schools at Mason City. The hardship and suffering among self-supporting women which she saw while a reporter first drew her attention to the subject of woman's rights, and she went on the platform in their behalf. Ten years ago she spoke for the first time in Boston on the suffrage question. She is the wife of George W Catt. President of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Company, engineers and contractors.

George W Catt, President of the Atlantic Gulf and Pacific Company, engineers and contractors.

One of the most enthusiastic officers of the association has been Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, who has served as Corresponding Secretary for twenty-one years, since she was a girl in her teens. She has recently resigned the office and has been succeeded by Miss Kate Gordon of New Orleans. The new Socretary received a medal from the Business Men's Club for her part in carrying the municipal election in New Orleans in favor of street drainage. In Louisiana women can vote in person or by proxy on such questions. Miss Gordon was President of an organization of women for this purpose and collected the votes of 300 who were too timid to go to the polls. She cast them in favor of the measure.

measure.

The only other new officer is Dr. Core.
Smith Eaton of Minneapolis, who at the
last convention was elected one of the

AND HE HAD THE FIT. How a Jersey Farmer Was Caught by the Spbtle Wording of a Baxter Street Ad.

A farmband from Coytsville, N. J., in need of a new suit of clothes, came to this city about two weeks ago in search of a bargain and finally stopped in front of a clothing store in Baxter street which displayed the following sign in the window:

> IF YOU BUY ONE OF OUR FIVE \$5: DOLLAR SUITS YOU'LL HAVE A

While reading this notice a "puller-in" succeeded in getting him into the store. The Jerseyman picked out a blue serve The Jerseyman picked out a blue serve suit which the salesman told him was worth \$75 and for which he paid \$5. The first time the farmhand wore his new suit it rained very hard and he got a thorough drenching. The following Sunday when he tried to get into the clothes he found that the trousers had shrunk so that the bottoms of them only came to the tops of his shoes and the cont would not go on at all. The color had also changed from navy time to a dull red. Then he recalled the wording of the sign in front of the flatter street clothing store.

"If you hay one of our it suits you'll have a fit.

It meant just what it had said he bought the suit and now he saw where the fit came

reading The Ken you may depend on it that they are not only contented, but prosperous